

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
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TAKING CARE OF BABY.

WE think that all our young readers will be glad to hear something about the good boy that they see in the picture, holding his little brother. His name is Charles Jacobs. His parents are poor, and have to work hard for a living; but they have a neat home, and two darling boys to help make it happy!

You see that Charles is quite a large boy, while his brother Frank is only a baby. Charles loves Frank dearly, and does a great deal to amuse him while his mother is at work. Do you see the horse that he made for his little brother a few weeks ago? Perhaps you laugh at the sight of such a rough creature; but we are sure that you could not have made a better one with the same tools and pieces of wood that Charles used. That rough-looking horse that you call "sick," it may be, shows what a kind and patient boy Charles is, and how hard he tries to please his little brother, and help his hard-working mother. You cannot guess how many hours little Frank has amused himself by "playing horse."

In the picture you see Charles holding his little brother on his knee, and amusing him by playing on a triangle. He holds the triangle by a string in the left hand, and

strikes on it with a little piece of iron which he holds in his right hand. Do you see how attentively baby is listening, and how pleased he looks? He played with his horse while the rest of the family were at dinner, but afterward grew tired of the sport and began to fret. Charles wanted to go at once to the school-house yard, that he might have a game of ball with his playmates; but when his mother asked him if he could not tend the baby a few minutes, he willingly gave up going that he might help her. He knew that she must be tired after working hard since early in the morning, and that with a little help from him she would be able to sit down and rest all the sooner.

See how happy and contented the good boy looks! We hope that all our young readers will be like him, and try to help and cheer those around them, rather than seek only their own pleasure.

INFLUENCE.

BE good each day; for each day makes its mark
On every coming day until we die;
And on the days of other lives these make
Their mark, if less distinct, as ineffaceably.

E. R. Champlin.

FAITHFULNESS.

BE faithful ever;
Leave no trace of work performed to fill a space.
Be thy endeavor,
By God's grace to work with care in every place.

E. R. Champlin.

For The Dayspring.

THE ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

E.

BY C. T. B.

In our Natural History A B C,
We struck a snag on the letter E,
Else we had gone on long ago.
(A *snag*, as most of the children know,
Is a dead tree, caught in a river's bed,
Which hinders a boat from going ahead.)
But here you will ask, What snag there can be
In so plain a thing as the letter E?
The puzzle is this: it was our plan
To write only of insects, when we began;
And in the first four letters we found
Plain sailing, and never got aground;
But now it is hard to find, you see,
An insect whose name begins with E.
Why not the Emmet? perhaps you'll say:
But the ant already has led the way,
And ant and emmet are just the same, —
The only difference being the name.
(My grandson says, "The Emmet, Sir,
Is a kind of ant called the *Carpenter*."
That is, I suppose, a kind that bores
And gnaws his way through walls and floors.)
When we come to F, there'll be Fly and Flea,
And the Gnat of course will speak for G;
But I've searched all the books, and can't quite see
How to rub over the snag of an E.
Some one may say, You look too high,
Perhaps at your feet the answer may lie.
Ah, yes, there is the Earth-worm, true,
If you call *him* an insect, perhaps he'll do.
His body is one long succession of rings,
We'll call him an insect without wings.
I do not know that he's ever found
Soaring and sailing above the ground,
Except when dangling in the air
On a cruel boy's hook and writhing there.
(Read what Cowper and Shakespeare say,
About such cruelty, I pray.)
Man is sometimes compared to a worm;
See how a mean man will twist and squirm,
When caught in a lie or some base act;
He'd better be a worm in fact;
For 'tis the worm's nature to crawl, you know;
As the hymn says, "God has made them so."
The Miser is called an Earth-worm too,
For he clings to the earth and it bounds his view.

He'd like to live in a deep, dark mine,
Where gold is the only sun to shine.
Too busy to play and too grim to smile,
He pushes before him his earthy pile,
Anxious only to hoard and to save,
Till his pile one day becomes his grave.
Do we sometimes see girls and boys
Act miserly with their treasures and toys?
Perhaps they'll let you take a glance,
Or touch one end of it, perchance,
But they must hold the other tight.
O 'tis a dismal sight to see
A little child grow miserly!
The poor Earth worm does all he can;
Is it so with the miserly child or man?

God's world is a living picture-book,
Whereon whoever will thoughtfully look,
Shall see, as in a looking-glass there,
In sky and sea and earth and air,
In all the creatures great and small,
In beasts that prowl and worms that crawl,
In sloth and snail and bee and ant,
In Earth-worm and in Elephant,
All virtues and vices under the sun,
What man should seek and what he should shun;
And learn to revere with wonder and praise,
The wisdom of the Maker's ways.

THE GOLDFINCH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE
DAYSPRING, BY L. L. B.

ONE day, two little birds who were not
strong enough to fly hopped to the edge
of the nest, while playing together, and
fell from the tree in which it was built.
A little boy who was walking with his
mother saw them as they came, half flying,
to the ground.

"O mamma," said he, "I wish I could
have those birdies; may I?"

"Yes, my dear," said she; "I think it
would be very wrong of us to take these
little ones from their mother, but since
they have fallen from the nest, and we
cannot put them back, you may carry them
home. Promise me first, however, that
you will take great care of them."

Little Paul gave his word. He then picked up the birds very tenderly, for fear of hurting them, and ran joyously home with his little treasures. He went to his chamber, put the birds in a cage, and fed them, from the end of a small stick, with bread dipped in milk. The birds seemed to be very fond of their new food. In fact, one bird ate so greedily it died the next day. Paul was very sorry to lose it, and took great care of the other bird. It soon grew strong enough to feed itself. I think you never saw a bird more tame than this little goldfinch. Sometimes, he would alight on Paul's shoulder; sometimes on his head; then he would fly off a little distance, and if Paul called "Dick, Dick!" he would fly to his little master's hand, and flap his wings for joy. Paul had taught Dick to follow him. While the boy remained in the room, he left the door of the cage open, so the bird could fly about the chamber, or return to the cage for food; but, when Paul went out, he took pains to close the cage-door; for he was afraid some enemy might get at the bird. One day, however, two of his little friends called him into the garden, and he went out in haste to meet them, forgetting to close not only the door of his chamber, but the cage-door also. He had just got out, when the cat walked into the room. Dick thought the cat would not harm him, so he jumped upon his cage to play with her. But Puss did not give him a chance. She seized poor Dick between her paws, and ate him up instantly.

Just at this moment, Paul remembered his carelessness, and ran up stairs as fast as he could, to shut the doors. As soon as he entered the room, he looked at the cage, but could not see the bird. Then he called "Dick, Dick!" The bird did not come at his call. His heart began to beat

with fear. He searched in every corner of the chamber in vain. At last, curled up in a large arm-chair, he found miss Puss; she was licking her chops, and some tiny feathers hung from her whiskers. Paul knew now what had happened. He took up the tongs to punish the cat; but Puss was too quick for him, she had already left the room.

The poor little boy burst into tears, ran to his mother, and told her what had happened.

"I am very sorry for you," said his mother. "Dick was a charming bird. He gave you a great deal of pleasure, and I love to see my dear son happy; but it grieves me very much to think that you were the cause of the poor bird's death. If you had taken care of him, as you promised, if you had shut the cage-door when you left the room, Dick would have stayed in his cage, and this would not have happened."

"Oh! my dear mother," said Paul, "I only forgot for a moment; I came back directly."

"That is true, my dear," said his mother; "but this shows you how necessary it is not to permit the least neglect, since in a little moment a great harm may be done."

You cannot live without exerting influence. The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. You inhabit a house which is wellnigh transparent; and what you are within, you are ever showing yourself to be without.

To be full of goodness, full of cheerfulness, full of sympathy, full of helpful hope, causes a man to carry blessings of which he is himself as unconscious as a lamp of its own shining.

Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

IX.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1879.

DEAR HARRY, — Your aunt Annie has enlisted in the cause of letter-writing a friend unknown to you, but who is engaged, heart and hand, in the matter of selecting books.

If you are a boy like other boys, I know you don't want a stupid book. If you were to look pretty well down into your thoughts, would not you honestly own that you prefer *trash* to dulness? Still, a good deal of what we find in this life depends on the eyes that see. Did you ever hear this story of Mr. Thoreau, who loved the woods, and lived in them at Concord? Some one asked: "Mr. Thoreau, how do you collect so many Indian arrow-heads?" "Why, I see them everywhere, by the roadside, as I go along. There's one now!" And the observer stooped and picked up the thing he wanted; but his acquaintance had passed it by.

Somewhat in this way is it with books. The desire for interesting things is not wrong, — far from it. The question is, In what shall you take an interest? Shall you be satisfied with nothing less improbable than the adventures of boys who receive presents of steamboats, and who make large fortunes in short times? Or will you put your interest into things that have really happened, — lives that have been actually lived, and characters that have grown slowly up to their noblest heights? If you make truth an object in the book you read, you will find your arrow-head on many a page that the heedless eye calls stupid.

But don't think that by *truth* I mean a fact only. In the progress of a hero, in

his feelings, as well as his actions, you will find the truths that will both interest and help you.

Do you think that all heroes must fight? I believe that in times of peace the same spirit that sends a man to a war often drives him into travelling of a hard kind. Vessel after vessel has gone to the Arctic seas, to try to find a passage round the top of North America, that the long voyage round Cape Horn might be done away with. The object was small; it was the danger and hardship that made the search attractive. And when Sir John Franklin disappeared in those frozen regions, England and America could not rest until the mystery was found out. So much has been written about these Arctic travels that the only doubt is which is the most interesting tale.

Don't fail to read the "Arctic Explorations" of Dr. Kane, if the thick volumes are ever within your reach. I cannot begin to repeat to you half his adventures in going nearer to the Pole than any one had been up to that date; but the heart of the book is what you could enjoy, — his unselfishness, his courage, his exceeding watchfulness to spare his crew. Of suffering he had to take his equal share: but he alone had upon his mind the burden of responsibility for all their lives. He spared no wakeful nights, no contrivance of scientific ingenuity that might either improve their condition or save their lives. I am old enough to remember the general gladness when the newspapers told us that Dr. Kane was safe and coming home. He had been afraid, as his book tells us, that he might never see his country again; but he not only reached home, but lived long enough to prepare his work. Still the cold and hard work and anxiety killed him. He went to Cuba; and the news of his death

in that island of sunshine and flowers came back in a touching manner to us in the midst of our cold winter. But this letter is not the memoir of Dr. Kane.

You must read the narratives of the English searchers for a north-west passage. If you have time, the old story of Captains Ross and Parry is decidedly interesting; and we have on the Commission Catalogue two books by Captain McClintock, — one called "The Little Fox," and the other "In the Arctic Seas," — which are among the most interesting and agreeable of the many tales of the icy realms.

"Cast away in the Cold" is a story, — not a narrative of real adventure; but, as it is written by a persevering explorer, Dr. I. I. Hayes, there seems to be reason for believing that every thing in it *might* have happened — though perhaps it never did — just as it is written. The characters are interesting, and the book gives a very good idea of how every thing looks in that part of the world, — earth, sea, and sky. "The Voyage of the Constance" is again an English description of a ship's cruise in the Arctic seas, and a clear and interesting one. I am afraid to mention too many of these books, lest you should imagine all my heroes must be frost-bitten.

It would be most ungrateful of Americans to forget that a voyage performed in temperate latitudes, but certainly full of hardship and peril, discovered this country. Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (the small edition) will be the best for you. You cannot help admiring his long perseverance, and the wonderful way he held to his own idea though absolutely alone in it, until at last he prevailed with Queen Isabella to sell her jewels to provide his outfit, after so many kings and princes had refused him any sort of vessel or crew. But his own personal life, though we know it scantily, is a sad one.

His glory as a discoverer is unique in the history of the whole world; yet he was so distrusted as to be sent home from one of the West India islands in chains, and cares and sorrows darkened his last days. He is followed by a long line of American discoverers. For the northern part of our country, you will naturally take Higginson's "Book of American Explorers;" and Helps's "Life of Hernando Cortez" to guide you into that ancient empire of Mexico, so strangely like some Eastern country, yet with strongly marked differences. For Pizarro and his wonderful adventures in Peru, I think you will have to wait a little, as Prescott's History is bulky. But who knows? New books are constantly coming out, compact and yet interesting; and, perhaps, before any of you have time to read an interesting large book, a charming small one may be ready to your hand.

To come nearer home, we shall certainly find plenty of adventure in the settling of nearly all the States of our Union, either as the emigrants landed from England on the Eastern shores, or moved on and on towards the West, cutting down forests and driving the Indians before them. Higginson's "Young Folks' History of the United States" sets clearly before you much of this hardship, travel, and adventure; but you must ask your teachers to keep a constant watch on the yearly *Supplements* to the Commission Catalogue, for the ladies are always on the lookout to find good accounts of any part of our own country, anxious to show you how much has been done for her in times past by brave men, — ay, and by brave women and children too, — and to kindle in all of you that love for your country which should distinguish every American.

While speaking of the histories of our

frontier, I want to mention two very entertaining stories about the South, — "The Big Brother" and "Captain Sam." There are adventures enough in them to put them by the side of travellers' tales; but they will give you an excellent idea of the way people lived in Georgia in those days, and tell you a little also about the negroes. And Captain Sam is a real hero, though I dare say there never was such a boy. If you read these books, you will understand what I said in the beginning of this long letter about truth.

I have exhausted my paper while just entering on my subject; but I want to add that the great object of reading these books is to learn how a large, generous, noble disposition is often found in connection with the love of adventure, and that self-sacrifice constantly increases in explorers, whether their object be to discover a river, to find a continent, to trace Sir John Franklin's fate, or to found a peaceful and religious home.

YOUR UNKNOWN FRIEND.

X.

Boston, Feb. 7, 1879.

DEAR HARRY, — Here is a letter for you, though I suppose you will not refuse Ben a share in it. I had to get what I thought you would like by begging, boys not being so much in my line as I wish they were. But I must just mention that though your Unknown Friend's letter is "not a biography of Dr. Kane," as she says, we have such a biography to offer, having just put it on our list. I hope your Sunday School Library will soon contain it. If you feel chilly from so much Arctic exposure, you can plunge into any of the African travels, such as "African Adventures and Adventurers," and "English Ex-

plorers," and get warmed up to your heart's content.

There are two Lives of Sir Walter Raleigh which belong with the books relating to early American adventure. Both these lives are new, and said to be good. They will tell you about Virginia, and also make you acquainted with a noble man whose whole life is exciting.

Here are some extracts from the letter of a distant friend: —

"Do let the boys have such simple, fresh stories as the Abbotts write, — telling how things are made, how to put them together, how to help each other and themselves. It is as natural for the Abbotts to write healthful stories for the young as it is for plants to grow. The little series which includes 'Learning to Read,' 'Learning to Think,' &c., the 'Franconia Stories,' the Histories, and the Science Series, and Long Look House Series form a little library of books which are fascinating to every child from three to fifteen years. . . . There is one other book to which I should wish to call special attention. It seems to be a book for quite young boys, but while those of twelve may find it pleasant reading, to lads who are beginning to feel the earnestness of life, it is a book of inspiration. I refer to 'Nat the Navigator.' My boy Mentor, who now numbers sixteen years, has read and re-read it, and says; 'It is full of suggestion, and though a boy may not expect to become as celebrated as Nathaniel Bowditch, it will do no harm to try.'"

I will not add any thing to all this myself, except one title; "Round the World; By a Boy." This is the diary of a live boy.

Good-bye, and a good time to you on your travels by proxy.

Your loving

AUNT ANNIE.

ATTENTION.

If I were a boy again, I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener; I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment; we do not bend our energies *close* enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only, and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually *attentive* is one easily obtained, if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my *attention* on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so;" and the reason is, a *habit* of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention, for he said he was losing the power to *read*. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty, but that the *will* to enjoy it had gone from him forever; for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshalled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up at the bottom of the leaf! — *James T. Fields.*

"I WILL try just as hard as ever I can," said Robert, as he sat down the third time to a very hard lesson. And he mastered it.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed: wherever dropped, springs up a flower.

CLEAR-CREEK CAÑON.

IN the picture on the opposite page you see a narrow pass between two mountains. These mountain passes are called cañons in the western part of the United States, and the one before us is called Clear-Creek Cañon. It is in Colorado, about twenty miles west of Denver. You see that it is so narrow that there is room only for a railroad and a small stream to run through, and that on either side walls of solid stone rise up to a great height.

It is the water wearing away the stone, age after age, that has made this deep ravine and others of the kind. Thousands of years ago the bottom of this little creek was hundreds of feet higher than it is now; but the water has kept on flowing, flowing, flowing, wearing, wearing, until it has made this deep gap in the hard rock.

This wonderful cañon, made by the constant action of water on stone, shows what great results small causes will produce if only continued long enough. The constant gain of a little amounts to a great deal in a lifetime. A poor boy, by saving a little every week, can become a rich man by the time he is fifty years old. Many a rich man has become so by constantly saving a small part of his earnings. A boy who knows almost nothing can become well-informed before old age by gaining a little knowledge every day. Many learned men have become so by spending their spare hours and minutes in study. It is not great efforts put forth once in a while, but constant effort in one direction year after year that makes us at last, rich, or wise, or good, or whatever we aspire to be.

"BUILD to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And, ascending and secure,
To-morrow shall find its place."



For The Dayspring.
MILLIE'S VIGIL.

BY FANNIE M. SCANDLIN.



H, dear! I do feel so very bad.
Won't mamma be here pitty soon, Millie?"

"Yes, darling, she will be here by and by; try and be patient a little longer, and I will take you in my arms and walk with you and sing to you, so, Myrtie, and perhaps you can go to sleep."

And so saying, the patient young nurse took the suffering child in her arms, and walked slowly up and down, up and down the long sitting-room, softly singing to him the "by-low-by," which was the cradle-song of the household, and vainly hoping that the restless form would soon grow quiet, and the plaintive moans would cease. But, alas! for poor little Myrtie, no sleep came to the heavy eyes, and no relief to the aching head. He had been ailing for a number of days; and, as mother and father were both from home for a short visit, the care of the household and of Myrtie fell upon Millie, who was always proud to be so trusted when her parents were away from home. They had been gone a week; but when Millie had asked the kind old doctor what he thought about sending for them, he had told her they had better be sent for, as if any thing serious should be the matter with their boy they would of course wish to hasten home. So, telling Millie not to worry, but be sure and give the medicines as he directed, he left the house and hastened to the telegraph office, where, instead of sending word that Myrtie was not very well, as Millie expected, he wrote:—

MR. ASHTON.—Myrtie has the scarlet fever. He is very sick. You had best come home at once. I will stay at the house as much as possib'e.

DR. BRIGHAM.

And then, after waiting to see that it was sent directly, he hastened away to stand at other bedsides.

In the mean time, Millie walked the floor with the moaning little one, trying to keep a brave heart. But, as the shadows in the room grew long and dreary, her courage began to give way; and, as the hot little face was for nearly the hundredth time held up to be kissed, the conviction suddenly came upon her that it was a very, very sick child that she was tending, and she began to long and wonder how soon the doctor would come again, and to wish Myrtie would go to sleep, so she could light the lamp in the dining-room, and try to drive away the dreadful anxiety which she could not throw off. At last, after another walk up and down the room, the little sufferer asked again, "Millie, will by and by be pitty soon?" And then, after murmuring over and over, "Mamma will be here by and by," he fell into a restless slumber.

Millie carefully laid him in his cradle, and after lighting the lamp in the next room she sank into the chair at the head of the cradle, and waited, listening for the quick, firm step of the doctor, or for the even more welcome sound of her father and mother. But, alas for poor Millie! she did not know that her watch was only begun, and that she must wait and watch for many hours more ere she should see the welcome faces.

The kitchen clock struck nine, and at the station the express train hurried by. Only half an hour more, thought Millie, as she remembered that the next train came from N—, and would probably bring her father and mother. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; and, just as the hands of the little timepiece on the mantel pointed to the twenty, a firm, quick step

was heard in the hall, and in a moment more the doctor was standing by the bedside of her little charge. He felt the pulse carefully, and as he examined the little one a sad and troubled expression came into his face, and, after changing the medicines, and making the child more comfortable in his cradle, he beckoned Millie to follow, and they quietly left the room. Poor Millie! she had kept up her courage just as long as she could; and now, as she heard the whistle of the down train at the depot, and felt that love and help were so near, and as she looked up in the face of the kind old man whom she had known from a child, all her strength gave way, and throwing herself on the sofa she cried as if her heart would break. The doctor came, and quietly taking her in his arms waited till the hardest of the sobs had ceased, and then told her quietly but firmly that she must try and not give way, but be strong and listen to him.

"I have just received an answer to my telegram, Millie, and we shall have to be patient and wait a little longer; for the despatch arrived too late for your mother to take the train, and as it is such an out-of-the-way place she cannot possibly come before to-morrow eve. The express train which has been on the road all summer has just been taken off, and so there is nothing for us to do but hunt up more patience, and hope for the best."

"O doctor! I cannot, *I cannot*, wait so long. What if Myrtie should die! I know he is dreadfully sick, and you have been trying to make me think it is nothing serious."

"Yes, Millie, I had hoped to break it up, but it is now too late. Myrtie has scarlet fever in a bad form; he is a very sick child; but, with God's help, I will

do all I can to save him, and we must both pray Him to aid us. I shall stay with you till morning; so now you must lie down and rest, for you will need all your strength for to-morrow."

It was useless for Millie to say she could not sleep and wanted to sit up: the doctor meant what he said, and giving her medicine to quiet the tired nerves, he sent her away, promising to call her if she were needed.

Slowly and sadly Millie climbed the staircase to the little bedroom which before had always seemed so bright to her; but now all the trifles which always seemed so pretty to her were forgotten, and in the darkness of the room, with only the moonbeams streaming in, every thing looked strange and gloomy. There, in one corner, stood the rocking-horse, just where Myrtie had left it when he had come to her, saying, "Millie take, Millie take Myrtie, his head ache so drefful." And there, near by, was the pillow and quilt where he had wanted them placed so that he could look out of the window. Poor Millie! she only gave one cry of "O Myrtie, Myrtie!" and then falling on her knees by the neglected playthings, she prayed as she had never done before that God would make her darling brother well and bring mother and father home to them very soon. Softly the moonbeams came through the open window and fell upon her as she knelt there; and the wind outside among the rose-leaves gently took up the burden of her prayer, and whispered, "O Father, help us!" and away up among the tree-tops the leaves murmured, "Help us, oh, help us!" till slowly the white, tear-stained face sunk lower and lower upon the clasped hands, and Millie was asleep.

Meantime, below, by the bedside of the little sufferer, the doctor watched and

tended, anxiously noting the changes which came upon the flushed face before him, as the clock slowly pointed out the long hours of the night. He had been the family physician for years, and was often at the house to make friendly visits, and was always the much loved playmate of the little Myrtie. The doctor loved the child from the very bottom of his warm heart; and many had been the merry rides they had taken in the easy chaise behind old Dobbin, and many the romps they had had on the green together, which always ended in Myrtie's coming triumphantly into the house upon the doctor's shoulder, his bright curly head nestling against the silver locks of the physician, as he merrily called for "Mamma and Millie to tum and fee Myrtie on de docker's soldier." He was the old man's pet, and the darling of the household; and now, as he watched the suffering and unconscious child, doing all in his power for him, he prayed for strength and wisdom from on high, for he knew only God's hand could stay the raging fever, and bring again the bloom of health to the moaning and tossing form before him.

Thoughtfully he kept his watch, till a silent figure softly entered and stood beside him. Poor Millie! she had wakened bewildered and with a raging headache; but when she remembered her charge below, and thought of the day of watching before her, she had hastily risen and come to the sick-room. And now, as she looked at the changed face before her, and as the strange, unconscious eyes stared up at her, there was no need of her asking if there was any change, and she silently took her place at the side of the cradle.

The doctor stayed, and together they kept their watch till the dark shadows began

to fade, and up above the eastern hill-tops the welcome sun began to cast his rays; and then, giving Millie the necessary directions, and telling her he would come again on his way home at noon, and bidding her keep up a brave heart, and send for him if any change took place, he departed, leaving Millie to count the hours before his return, and try to soothe and calm the unconscious Myrtie. Every thing in the rooms seemed watching with her; and the sympathizing clock on the mantel looked sadly down at her, and said slowly, "Tick! tick! tick! tick!" as if trying to keep her company. At last the little canary, unable longer to bear the terrible silence, suddenly roused himself, and started bravely out on one of his cheerful songs. But it wasn't any use; he could not sing any more than Millie could laugh; for, instead of the bright face and curly head which was always appearing in every open doorway, there was a white face lying motionless in a cradle, or tossing, flushed, about upon the pillows. And, in place of the merry laugh which filled every corner of the house with glee, there were only low moans, or broken sentences about mamma's coming, or of the fire which made his face so warm.

Wearily the morning dragged away; and it was with a deep sense of relief that Millie at last saw the hands of the clock point to twelve, and soon after heard the doctor's step in the hall. He passed her a telegram as he entered, which she eagerly opened. It contained only a few words, but it lightened the heavy heart very much; for it told the good news that father and mother were coming as fast as the cars could bring them, and that their brave, noble daughter and suffering little son were constantly in their minds, as they prayed God to save

them both and bring health again to their little household.

Millie quickly brushed away the tears which the loving words had brought to her eyes, and went once more by the cradle. Alas for poor little Myrtie! What a change had come over him in the last few days, while that terrible disease which has made so many homes desolate slowly took away the strength and bloom from the little one! He now lay in an unconscious slumber, the golden curls thrown back from the fair brow, and the hot, parched lips just open; his hands were thrown above his head, and it almost seemed in his death-like slumber as if the angel of death were already standing by his bedside and reaching out his hand to clasp the lovely form in his cold embrace.

"A change must come before many hours, Millie, but what that change will be I cannot tell. He will probably remain in this stupor for a number of hours; and by nine, this evening, I think, we shall know whether it is to be a wakening in this world or in the next," said the doctor.

Silently Millie heard him; and, as she looked at the motionless form of her darling, it seemed as if all hope vanished, and without a word she again took up her watch by his side.

"I shall come in at five, and stay with you through the evening, my child; and I trust Mr. and Mrs. Ashton will arrive before any change takes place. If any change comes, send for me immediately, and be sure and keep a brave heart a little longer," said the kind old doctor; and then, after leaving medicine for Millie to take, and telling her to try and not worry, he silently departed.

He had kept an anxious eye on Millie during her long vigil; and, as he had noticed the worn, weary look and the

flushed face at his noon visit, he had said to himself that it was fortunate Mr. and Mrs. Ashton would arrive so soon.

Oh, how slowly and how very wearily the moments passed as, faithful to her trust, she sat resting her aching head on the top of the cradle, and thinking of the doctor's words, — "A change must come soon, Millie." She thought of the pleasant evenings when, with Myrtie sitting in her arms or playing at her side, they had waited on the piazza for the return of father and mother from a visit to some neighbor's or from a short ride; and of all the merry plays and talks they had had together, and wondered if there would never be any more. And then she thought of the times when an impatient word or hasty answer had made the little eyes fill with tears, and the bright face cloud for a moment, as the little one would say anxiously, "Duz Millie fink her Myrtie is a 'ittle bober now?" But fortunately there were not many such times that she had to think of; and many were the resolutions she made of what she would do, and how gentle she should always be with him, if he were only spared to her. Hour after hour passed, and the sun began to send longer shadows into the room, and still the beautiful eyes did not open, and the heavy breathing did not cease. At last, after long watching and weary waiting, and just as the last of the twilight was deepening around them, the doctor entered. He had been detained by a new case of sickness, and anxiously hurried to the lonely watcher, fearing lest her strength should have failed. But just the same picture he had left met his gaze, — of a white, dreary face watching by an unconscious sleeper.

"Only two hours more, my brave girl, and then the watching and waiting will all

be over," he said kindly; and the clock on the mantel seemed to catch the joyful strain, and to hurry its ticking a little, as it whispered over and over again, "Only two hours more, only two hours more."

All waiting must come to an end at last, and the remaining moments did drag themselves away somehow, though how Millie never knew. She only remembered that in perfect silence they sat there, watching for the mysterious change which would either bring joy or sorrow to the household. At last the express train hurried by, and soon after, with a long, loud whistle, the train which bore such anxious hearts to one home stopped at the depot. A boy, with the doctor's carriage, was waiting; and old Dobbin, as if he knew what a responsibility rested on his shoulders, started away as fast as even the impatient ones within the carriage could ask. It was just as the distant rattle of wheels was heard, and when the room was still wrapped in silence, that at last the white lids slowly opened, and the deep blue eyes looked up into the face of his sister, and a soft voice gently asked, "Has by and by tum?"

It was the doctor's voice which first broke the silence with a deep "Thank God!" as Millie, with her face covered with her hands, rushed from the room, and fell fainting into the outstretched arms of her mother. The next thing she knew she was lying on the bed in her own little room, with the moon streaming in as it did the night before; but now, instead of the fear and loneliness which had then been her companions, there was a loving form bending over her, as a tender hand bathed the weary head, and a deep voice gently whispered, "Millie, my noble girl!" And then, in obedience to her father's advice that she should go right to sleep, she closed her eyes,

thinking how much God had blessed her in sparing her darling Myrtie, and bringing her dearly loved parents once more to her.

A month has passed, and let us once more look in upon our friends before we say good-by. It is evening, and a bright fire is shining in the open grate in the very room in which Millie kept her vigil; over it, with a happy, contented sound, the same little clock, which then seemed to move so slowly, is merrily singing, "Tick! tick! tick! tick!" At the table, on which is the well-filled work-basket, sits Mrs. Ashton, busily sewing on some warm garments for her little son. At the right, with his thick fur coat thrown back, and his white beard and hair falling like a snow-drift around his noble face, sits the doctor; while, on his knee, his roguish eyes looking up into the old man's face, and his golden curls falling upon the white locks of the physician, sits Myrtie, who, once more gaining health and strength after his trying sickness, has again taken up his post as the doctor's pet and the darling of the household. At the left sits Mr. Ashton; his paper has fallen from his hand, and on the ottoman at his feet sits Millie, her head resting on his knee, while he gently strokes the bent head before him, and thinks of that night when, but for the goodness of God, their happy home would have held a vacant chair, and no one would have spoken but in tears of the night of Millie's vigil.

A CERTAIN dentist has an exceedingly happy way of making his juvenile patients laugh during the operation of tooth pulling. He simply says, "One tooth-ree, out goes he," and in another instant the offending molar is triumphantly displayed before the eyes of the delighted youngster.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" — "'Tause I've dot somethin' to say," was the reply.

"Do not say 'taters,' Tommy, but 'potatoes.'" At school, the following day, he astonished the teacher by reciting, "There were many specpotatoes at the fair, and" — "Why, Tommy!" the teacher said; "what do you mean? Spectators it is." — "Well," said Tommy, triumphantly, "my mamma says I mustn't say 'taters;' and I can't."

"We have plenty of fresh salt air here; even our lady boarders wear sol'taires in their ears," said an enthusiastic sea-side landlord. "Don't say so!" said the press guest. "Have you a salt rheum in the house?" — "Yes, sir," said the landlord, quickly; "a humorous correspondent has it just now."

It has been asked: When rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

WHAT is higher when the head is off? The pillow.

WHEN is a man not a man? When he is a shaving.

YOUNG lady (doubtful about the road): "Will there be a bridge by and by across a little brook?" Small rustic: "Wal! I dunno 'bout by'n-by, but there's one there now."

Do penmen ever do wrong? No: they do write.

For The Dayspring.

THE CRICKET.

I'm just a little cricket, —
But I know how to sing;
You'll hear me in the autumn,
But never in the spring.

I live down in the meadow,
And in the orchards green;
Besides, in all the gardens
I daily may be seen.

I live on pears and apples
That in the autumn fall;
And to a juicy melon
I don't object at all.

I wear a coat and jacket
As black as any sloe;
They never need repairing, —
For, truly, I can't sew.

I'm not the kind of cricket
To rest your weary feet, —
But just a real, live cricket,
That not much does but — eat.

I'm always, always jumping,
And I am very spry, —
I doubt if you could catch me,
If you should ever try.

"A good-for-nothing cricket!"
I seem to hear you say;
But, just as God has made me,
I live my simple way.

I know I am not useful;
I neither sow nor plough;
But every day I'm living
The best that I know how.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Do little helpful things, and speak helpful words, whenever and wherever you can. They are better than pearls or diamonds to strew along the roadside of life, and will yield a far more valuable harvest.

THAT LITTLE DRAWER.

"WHERE did you get your orderly habits?" I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things out of their place.

"When I was four years old," she answered, "mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. 'Make it your business, my dear child,' she said, 'to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.'"

"Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls, in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see that I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old."

WINTER JEWELS.

A MILLION little diamonds

Twinkled on the trees,

And all the little maidens said,

"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands outstretched

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came

And stole them all away.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for March contains Lessons XXVII.-XXXI. of the Seventh Series. The titles of these five Lessons are: "Ezra and Nehemiah," "The Grecian Period," "The Struggle for Freedom," "Freedom Gained, — Subjection to Rome," and "General Review." There is also in this number "A Chronological Table of Jewish History from the Time of Ezra to the Christian Era." The Lessons for April, May, and June, will be devoted to selections from the Psalms and the Proverbs, and of a more practical character than most of the preceding ones on the Old Testament.

Puzzles.

EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 5, 10, 1, 11, 8, are the signs of grief.
My 22, 3, 13, 12, 13, is the early part of life.
My 17, 24, 13, 6, 7, 26, is a runaway.
My 2, 19, 11, 25, 27, is a girl's name.
My 20, 21, 14, 7, is to caution.
My 4, 16, 9, means not many.
My 23, 1, 15, 12, is to desire.

My whole is a favorite and beautiful line from the Book of Proverbs.

DECAPITATIONS.

Entire. I am a weapon;
Behead me, I am a fruit;
Behead again, I am a part of the head.

Entire. I am a small stick;
Behead me, I am a sorceress;
Behead again, I am a cutaneous disorder.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

Said old Mrs. Price,
"A plain dinner of rice,
Brought in cool from the ice,

"Is much better than wheat,
All steaming with heat,
For the children to eat."

But her husband, he swore,
By the garments he wore,
'Twas as hard as lead ore.

"I'd as soon eat a wheel,
Or a leather boot-heel,
Or a live, squirming eel.

"It may do for the stable;
But to come to my table,
It will have to spell able."

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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